

POPULAR EDITION

# PULLMAN PORTER MAN

SONG ~



TUPPER & REED  
Berkeley, Cal.

Words by  
**STANLEY MURPHY**  
 Music by  
**ARTHUR E. BEHIM**

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Allegro moderato

PIANO

On the Twen-ti-eth Cen-tu-ry  
At-Buf-fa-lo- they

Lim-it-ed train-has a Por-ter man-named Dan-i-el Lane- Who  
had a wreck and poor Dan near-ly broke his neck-The

led a dou-ble life, At each end he had a wife. He'd  
news his wives both heard And-thought that he was dead. They

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bid good-bye\_ to num - ber one\_ say - ing "Good-ness, How\_ I'll  
both packed up\_ and jumped on trains\_ to\_ view their loved\_ one's

miss you, hon!" Then go to num - ber two And swear that he'd been  
last re - mains,- They reached his side next day While in a trance he

true. His wife, out in Chi - ca - go, sat a sing - ing all day  
lay; The doc - tor said "who is this man, now please i - den - ti -

long, While in New York his oth - er wife would sing the same old song.  
fy;" Then both his wives look down at Dan and both be - gan to cry.

## CHORUS

He's my Dan, My Pull-man por - ter man! He's the

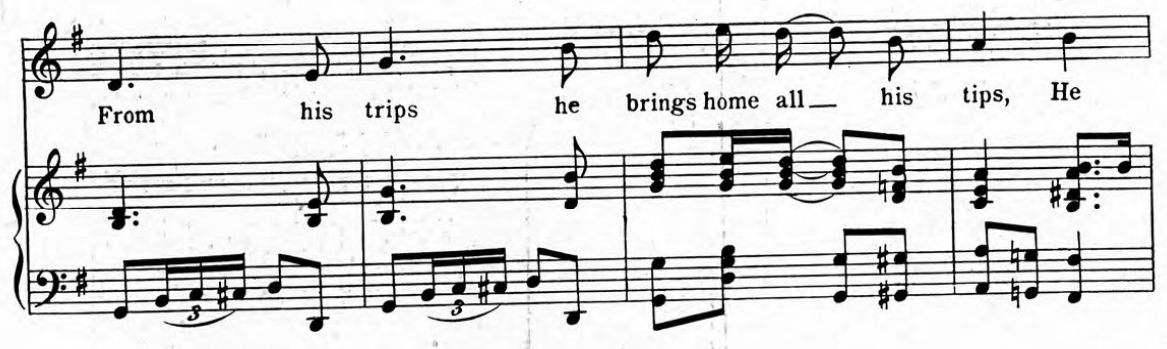
*p-f*

high Ma - gul - and Czar Of a Pull-man pal - ace car.

'Long the line, just see his but - tons shine, I'm

swelled all up - be - cause I know - he's mine.

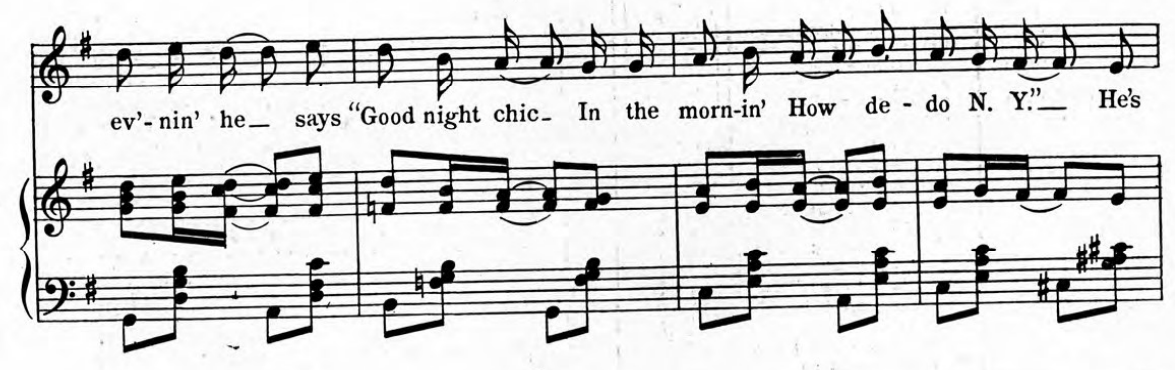
From his trips he brings home all his tips, He



just lays down his grips And puck-ers up his lips, In the



ev'-nin' he says "Good night chic- In the morn-in' How de - do N. Y." He's



some 'fast man' my Pull-man Por-ter Dan. Dan.

